NATIONAL REVIEW

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Deal That Failed?

Who Obstructed Justice in the case of Adam Clayton Powell Jr.?

Articles and Reviews by · · · JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK
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For the Record

The riots in Lima and Caracas weren't the first shock for Vice President Nixon on his South American tour. In Buenos Aires, spokesmen for the American colony there (about 3,500 Americans) petitioned for one Senator and one Representative in Congress to represent the 600,000 Americans who live outside the continental U. S. A. . . . Look for increased activity soon on behalf of State Senate Majority Leader Walter J. Mahoney, best bet of conservative New Yorkers for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. . . . Senator Javits of New York is sponsoring a bill, supplemental to the Administration's Trade Agreements Extension Act, which would authorize the Federal Government to "adopt" businesses that have been hurt by the free trade policy, and to put both management and employees on federal dole. . . . Friends of retiring Senator H. Alexander Smith of New Jersey are trying to promote for him a special foreign-policy or White House post.

The hush-hush "Bilderberg Society," mysterious plaything of Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands and a large coterie of international eggheads, met secretly in Rome last autumn. Its "executive committee" met this spring, in The Hague. As usual, nobody knows what it's up to, or why. . . . The President's foreign aid program is being quietly wrecked by a group of Senators from both parties, who point out that in delegating to the executive branch all decisions on programs and projects, the Senate actually denies itself any advance information on what foreign aid will be spent for. And after the money is spent the executive branch classifies the information, as in the Laos case.

Anti-Semitism is growing behind the Iron Curtain, particularly in Poland, where the Jewish population has dwindled from upwards of three million to about 50,000 in the past twenty years. More than sixty Jewish graves were desecrated recently. . . . UN Secretary-General Dag Hammerskjold is pictured by his friends as a shaken and angry man as a result of his fruitless mission to Moscow. Khrushchev reportedly refused even to discuss Hungary, was uncompromising in all conversations, and lectured Hammarskjold on Marxism. . . . The magazine Peiping Review reports that the three most popular songs on Red China's hit parade are: "Work Away," "Catch Up With Britain," and "Socialism is Good."

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● Mr. Albert Smith Bigelow and crew of three pacifists, aboard their 30-foot sailing ketch "Golden Rule," set off from Honolulu recently with the highly advertised objective of queering the Atomic Energy Commission's tests off Eniwetok atoll. How? By setting course right for the middle of the test area, being there at firing time, and immobilizing the hand that was due to pull the switch. Everybody knew, of course, that the "Golden Rule" wouldn't get to the target area, because the Coast Guard would pick it up, in good time, and tow it back quietly to Honolulu. And so it happened with Mr. Bigelow shaking his fist at the Coast Guard, demanding to know by what authority it interfered with his sovereign right to go anywhere he liked, in his boat?—does the government own the ocean? We think Mr. Bigelow has a point, and that the government ought to recognize its dilemma. It should either a) petition Congress for a letter of marque and reprisal against Mr. Bigelow—and treat him like a pirate; or else, b) let the "Golden Rule" go its bloody way.

● By one of those happy coincidences that are so frequent in political life, Tito's new spat with the Kremlin broke into the headlines just as Congress began debate on the Administration's $3 billion foreign aid bill. Senators George D. Aiken (Rep., Vt.), Mike Mansfield (Dem., Mont.), Alexander Wiley (Rep., Wisc.), and John S. Sparkman (Dem., Ala.)—the bipartisan team that leads the all-out foreign-aiders on the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee—expressed confidence that Moscow's scolding of Belgrade would quiet the incipient congressional revolt against the use of American dollars to build up national Communism. Senators William F. Knowland (Rep., Cal.) and Styles Bridges (Rep., N.H.), unimpressed by either the Communists' family quarrels or their own colleagues' gullibility, continued to demand that all assistance to Yugoslavia (and to Poland) should be cut out of the foreign aid program. If Tito's quarrel with Khrushchev is a fake, they reasoned, we are suckers to fall for it. But if it is genuine, this is exactly the moment not to bail Tito out of his trouble, but to put on pressure to force the Yugoslavs to break clean.

● The recent public revival of the Tito-Kremlin issue and the renewed attack on Malenkov are among several recent signs that the gross head of Nikita Khrushchev is sitting a bit uneasy under his shiny new double-crown as head of state, and as head of Party. Rumor from East Europe has it that Khrushchev's prestige is staked on bringing off, this year, a successful summit meeting on the announced Soviet terms; and if he fails—either because no meeting takes place or because it is less than a 100 per cent Soviet triumph—he may end up as superintendent of an Uzbek glue factory. Let us hope that Nikita's predicament does not serve to soften the so far admirably cold heart of John Foster Dulles.

MEMO TO U.S. ATTORNEY PAUL WILLIAMS: "Whoever . . . corruptly . . . influences, obstructs, or impedes or endeavors to obstruct, or impede, the due administration of justice, shall be fined not more than five thousand dollars, or imprisoned not more than five years, or both." SECTION 1503 TITLE 18 U.S. CODE. In 241 weeks, the statute of limitations will immunize from prosecution whoever was responsible for interfering with the Adam Clayton Powell investigation.

● Not all the skilled maneuvering of majority leader Lyndon Johnson and clever demagogy of Labor Committee chairman John Kennedy have been able to sweep the issue of genuine labor legislation under the Senate rug. Senator Johnson pinned together a Southern Democrat-Northern Liberal majority to defeat Senator William Knowland's program for reform of trade union abuses when it was offered as a series of amendments to the syrupy bill on union pension funds. But Senator Knowland—no mean hand himself at parliamentary maneuvering—keeps finding new ways of forcing his proposals on the attention of the Senate and the country. What particularly pains Mr. Johnson and many another labor-scared Senator is the growing evidence that Mr. Knowland's campaign to curb the labor bosses by getting control of the trade unions back into the hands of their members is rapidly gaining support not only from the general public but from the unions' own rank and file.

● What is in store for Venezuela and Peru because of the anti-Nixon riots? Well, we personally know four people (two couples) who have just cancelled a planned vacation trip to South America.

● In a limited but symptomatic election, Neo Lao Hak Zat, the Communist front in Laos, together with the fellow-traveling Allied Santiphap, has won a majority of the 21 Assembly seats that were at stake. Hak Zat was formed by the Communists as a "peaceful penetration" successor to the armed Pathet Lao organization which, with the help of Ho Chi Minh and

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the Chinese Communists, had held control of three Laotian provinces for the past five years. Its public chief is the eccentric, talented and popular Prince Souphanouvong. The Communist goal, which they hope to achieve in a general election a year or two from now when all the 59 Assembly seats will be contested, is to take power in Laos by parliamentary methods, and thereby gain a strategic position threatening anti-Communist Thailand and South Vietnam.

● As part of its "rectification campaign," Communist China has been staging a series of curious ritualistic ceremonies in Peiping, Shanghai and other large cities. Up to 30,000 local "Capitalists"—*i.e.*, small merchants or businessmen with a few paid employees —are brought together in mass conferences at which, after listening to Party orators, they pass resolutions pledging that they will "learn from the workers" and will transform themselves from their current Satanic social role of Exploiter into "people living by their own labor." The conference then votes a two-year time limit for completing this angelic metamorphosis.

● One hundred and forty Protestant clergymen and educators, including nine bishops and the officials of several theological seminaries, have signed a statement calling upon the U.S., Britain and the Soviet Union to halt nuclear weapons tests forthwith. The signatories include pacifists such as A. J. Muste, and many honorable followers of Him Who once counselled His disciples to turn the other cheek. It also includes a few professional adherents to whatever happens at the moment to be the Communist line. One reason for being skeptical of the bishops is that the fellow travelers among them *never* advocate turning the other cheek in a true Christian way. The only cheeks they are in the habit of turning have tongues firmly planted therein.

● Eight thousand Lockheed aircraft workers in Southern California recently overrode the recommendations of their national leadership and approved a contract offered to them by the company. The workers voted 7,332 to 461 to accept a two-year proposal for an eighteen-to-thirty-cents an hour wage increase, plus a cost-of-living clause and an additional 3 per cent rise for 1959. Despite the insistence of the union leadership that such a contract was "substandard," the Lockheed workers looked calmly at the prevailing economic depression—and decided that a management allowing for increases even in time of depression was not so stony-hearted after all.

● In a chatty little column called "The Very Idea," the newsletter of the League of Women Voters reports on the annual dinner given for prospective members in Oak Lawn, Illinois. The columnist records that the buffet featured an "Education" table which "served apples for the teacher"; a "Judicial" table which offered "courthouse cake"; and—"We don't know what they ate when they got there, but those who followed the large cutout footprints from the front door found copies of 'Just Suppose . . . you were in the other fellow's shoes' when they reached the 'Loyalty-Security' booth." Fun and games with the League of Women Voters!

Ultimatum

Beirut, May 6 (AP)—The government decided today to ask the U. S. for $170,000,000 in unconditional aid, but spelled out stiff terms under which Lebanon will accept U. S. help. America would have to abandon the principle whereby Lebanon pays 50% of the cost of all aid projects. "If the U. S. rejects these terms," Public Works Minister Khalil Hibri said, "the government will not hesitate to reject all American aid."

Proud are the men of Lebanon,
  Their will is firm and no wind can bend it:
Not a sturdy soul will accept a dole
  With any proviso on how to spend it.

Give 'em the money and Yank, go home!
  And don't suggest any way to use it:
No If or But—keep your big mouth shut
  Or—heavens to Betsy!—they might refuse it.

MORRIE RYSKIND

Perdicaris-Raisuli, 1958

The "welcome" received by Vice President Nixon and his wife in Peru and Venezuela bears all the stigmata of a calculated "staff" design concocted in Moscow. There is, however, some obviously genuine anti-Yankee feeling behind it, too. What should be our attitude toward the whole business? Washington can hardly hold the Peruvian and Venezuelan governments responsible for instigating the stone-throwing and the spitting and the other lawless acts which local mobs have perpetrated. On the other hand, there was once a U.S. President—Theodore Roosevelt —who insisted on holding foreign governments responsible for protecting U.S. citizens. "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," said T. R. in a famous instance. Whereupon a Moroccan government which had disclaimed any responsibility for the behavior of a kidnapper saw to it that Perdicaris—an American citizen—was delivered up alive.

In modern context, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead" would read: "We insist that the instigators of the anti-Nixon riots be apprehended and punished.

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Since the instigators are in Moscow, we cannot expect the Peruvian and Venezuelan governments to deliver them up. Until Moscow itself takes action—by calling off its 'world revolution' and jailing, as 'enemies of the people,' the members of the General Staff who plotted the South American outbreaks—the U.S. will refuse to have concourse with the Soviet Union at any time, anywhere."

That would go for the "Summit"; it would also go for such things as the exchange of ambassadors, sitting with Russian delegates to the UN, "cultural" interchanges, trade, or whatever.

With carbon copies of our proclamation duly reaching Lima and Caracas, there would be little further reason for misunderstanding the U.S. position. The proclamation, of course, will almost certainly not be made. Perdicaris (meaning any American falling foul of the Communist conspiracy abroad) will die—and Raisuli (Khrushchev) will live not only to bury him but possibly the rest of us, as well.

Panditji, Just Leave Us Orphans Be

The brilliant German political scientist, Robert Michels, devoted a chapter of his masterpiece, *Political Parties,* to one of the most effective dodges whereby senior political leaders—especially, he found, in social democratic parties—reconsolidate their position when faced with rank and file discontent: the pseudo-resignation. Michels would surely have added a chapter to cover the recent performance of Jawaharlal Nehru, than whom (we have always contended) no slicker political operator is on deck today.

On April 29, Pandit Nehru wearily announced (to representatives of the entire local, national and world press, naturally) that he was "feeling flat and stale." "I must have a period," he declared, "when I can free myself from this daily burden. There is much to think of. I am greatly concerned with the international situation . . . Then there are the problems of India bearing down on us." On May 2 he added categorically: "There is no doubt that everything is not well with public life in the country. . . . It will be helpful to me and to the country if I could devote myself to activity outside Parliament, outside the Prime Minister's job."

On May 3 the Congress Party parliament members pleaded with him in full audience: "Panditji, you are leaving us orphans!"—whereupon (surprise!) Panditji bows his head and, touching his eloquent fingers together in the Hindu gesture of pious greeting, sweetly concedes: "Therefore in all humility and with deep feeling for all you have said, I shall not proceed to take the step I have suggested." Lights, tears, shouts, applause! And, man oh man, just you wait and see what happens to the next Congress Party member who gets out of line with Guru Nehru!

U S S R
USSR Nuclear Promises
The Free West
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove:
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
TENNYSON

By one of those unkind coincidences there was simultaneously taking place a few hundred miles northeast of New Delhi a little scene in counterpoint. Sheik Abdullah, the Lion of Kashmir, who had been released on January 8 from four and a half years of "administrative" imprisonment, was seized in his home (where he had been quietly living) and rejailed (as before, without specific charge, trial or conviction) by Nehru's satrap, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, successor to Abdullah as Prime Minister of Kashmir, by authority of Nehru's soldiers. Abdullah's villainy was made clear by a letter that was released after his incarceration:

"There is no doubt that I do not agree with the policy that the Government of India is pursuing regarding Kashmir. I believe that the only fair and just way of ending this ten-year-old dispute is by conceding the right of self-determination to the people of Kashmir." And further insolences.

No wonder Nehru ended his May 3 rededication: "The atmosphere is getting heavier, murkier, more difficult for a sensitive person to breathe easily. What is one to do? I did not know. I do not know."

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Joseph E. Davies: R. I. P.

At the age of eighty-one, Joseph E. Davies died last week at Tregaron, his home in Washington, D. C. Mr. Davies was born in Wisconsin, and began a promising career in a familiar American pattern as a corporation lawyer with side interest in politics and diplomacy. After his marriage to a very wealthy second wife in the mid-1930's, his taste for public life developed into a burning thirst. He contributed heavily to the 1936 Roosevelt campaign, and transformed his Washington home into a center for New Deal social life. He was rewarded in 1937 with the post of Ambassador to the Soviet Union, where he served for two and a half years, during the period of the great Moscow Purge Trials. The Communists, playing on his vanity, ignorance and naiveté, turned him into that most grotesque of puppets: a capitalist fellow traveler.

After his years of misrepresenting his country abroad, he returned to write, as a full-fledged expert on things Soviet, a monument of error, political stupidity and unconscious Communist propaganda called *Mission to Moscow*. This was turned into an even more outrageously falsified movie, in which Mr. Davies, seduced as usual by his pompous vanity and his irresistible wish for public notice, spoke the commendatory introduction even though in a number of scenes the movie directly violated the text of his book. This book and movie, together with Mr. Davies' pro-Soviet speeches, his sponsorship of united front organizations and his personal influence through continuing Washington jobs and social activities, played no little part in laying his country open to the stratagems through which Moscow exploited the war and postwar years to the aggrandizement of the Communist World Empire.

Mr. Davies, with great wealth at his disposal, decorated with the U.S. Order of Merit (his country's highest civilian decoration) and the Soviet Order of Lenin (the Communists' highest civilian decoration), continued through the postwar years, under both Democratic and Republican administrations, to participate actively in the social and political life of the capital. At no time did he ever make any public review or repudiation of those many words and deeds by which he had so grievously misled his countrymen and injured his country. He died as for three decades he had lived, in the grip of that suicidal political mania to which incautious members of the American business community are characteristically subject, that same lesion to which the mind of the late Ernest Weir so pitifully gave way, and that now rages out of control in the brain of Cyrus Eaton.

Who Obstructed Justice in the Case of Adam Clayton Powell Jr.?

I THE BACKGROUND

The following is from an editorial in the *Richmond News Leader* which appeared upon the indictment of Adam Clayton Powell Jr., Thursday, May 8.

> This past Thursday, a Federal grand jury in New York brought in an indictment charging Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., with income tax evasion. One day this week the New York Congressman will be arraigned on the charge, and eventually a trial jury will pass upon his guilt or innocence.
>
> Two aspects of the case against Powell may be discussed without impropriety. One is the faltering course pursued by the Department of Justice in seeking his indictment; the second is the role of NATIONAL REVIEW and the conspiracy of silence against this . . . magazine.
>
> A chronology of this story goes back to October of 1956 when the Harlem Congressman, a Democrat, was up to his ears in hot water. Three of his secretaries — Hattie Freeman Dodson, William Hampton, and Acy Lennon—had been indicted for income tax evasion. In each case, the allegations edged uncomfortably close to Powell himself. There had been testimony under oath touching upon the ugly offense known as the "kickback," and the evidence against Mrs. Dodson, who had been paid by the taxpayers of the United States for services rendered as secretary to a member of Congress, indicated with blinding clarity that Mrs. Dodson had been paid under false pretenses. She could not name a single congressional duty she had performed. There were other strange and curious matters also, some of them involving the intricate transactions of a Tenants Protective Association of which Powell was president. As a result of all this, Federal agents were breathing down Powell's neck.
>
> But on Oct. 11, 1956, a surprising statement came from Powell's office. Though he earlier had accused President Eisenhower of "dodging the civil rights issue," and of "trying to wash his hands of innocent men and women in the Southland," now the Harlem representative urged all his followers to vote for the Republican nominee in November. Subsequently, he denounced Adlai Stevenson as a slave to American fascists, and declared that any

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Negroes who supported Mr. Stevenson would be "traitors to their race." . . .

In December of 1956, a grand jury began hearing evidence against Powell that had been marshalled by Paul W. Williams, U.S. Attorney for New York, and one of his assistants, Thomas A. Bolan. The grand jury met steadily through January and February of 1957. Then on March 18, 1957, Bolan suddenly, inexplicably, was called off. He was informed

Rep. Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

that on orders from Washington, the U.S. Attorney's office in New York was abandoning its case against Powell.

Bolan was dumfounded. He told his superiors that sufficient evidence already had been presented to justify an indictment. With a couple of months' additional work, he thought an air-tight case could be completed. His expostulations proved unavailing, and on June 14, 1957, the statute of limitations ran out on events of 1950, one of the years under review.

More months passed, in which the case simply languished. Then, on December 14, 1957, NATIONAL REVIEW came into the picture with a five-page summary of the case and a blazing demand for action. In the weeks that followed, NATIONAL REVIEW, like an angry bulldog, kept up the attack. At long last, the grand jurors themselves took unusual action: They told the U.S. Attorney bluntly that unless he revived the case, they themselves, exercising their undoubted prerogatives as grand jurors, would carry on alone. April 17, Mr. Williams called the grand jury back into session, and on Thursday the indictment came down.

Now, we believe—and it is simply an act of faith in a man—that Dwight Eisenhower individually had nothing on earth to do with the Department of Justice's decision, in March of 1957, to suppress its case against Adam Clayton Powell. It is unthinkable, in the light of Eisenhower's whole career, that he dropped so much as a wink or a nudge or a hint that Powell's help of the Autumn should thus be repaid in the Spring. But the harsh, unyielding fact is that *somebody*, at the level of Herbert Brownell or on down the line, gave the word in March of 1957 that the heat was off; and realities of politics are such that the prosecution of a Negro Congressman from New York City is not handled in a casual fashion. The question must be asked, and Mr. Eisenhower's administration stands under a cloud until it is answered: *Who gave this word, and why?*

II THE WEEK

The day after the indictment of Adam Clayton Powell Jr., U.S. Attorney Paul Williams, acting with uncharacteristic dispatch, announced to the press that he had subpoenaed William F. Buckley Jr., to appear before a grand jury to determine whether Mr. Buckley had violated the law by improperly communicating with members of the Powell jury. He also intended, said Mr. Williams, to launch an investigation into the behavior of former Assistant U.S. Attorney Thomas A. Bolan, from whom NATIONAL REVIEW *had obtained much of the information contained in its article, "Death of an Investigation: The Wheels of Justice Stop for Adam Clayton Powell Jr."*

Mr. Buckley issued the following statement to the press:

Mr. Williams Harasses the Press

The attempt by U.S. Attorney Paul Williams to intimidate the press—as demonstrated by his subpoena to me to appear Tuesday before a grand jury—will fail. It will not, however, be forgotten, as I intend to lodge a complaint with the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

Mr. Williams' announced inquiry into NATIONAL REVIEW's role in the Adam Clayton Powell affair is an act of vindictiveness, pure and simple, against the magazine that made public the facts which caused the grand jury to take matters into its own hands. The speed with which he announced that he had subpoenaed NATIONAL REVIEW's editor contrasts eloquently with the fourteen-month period during which he did nothing whatever to pursue an investigation into the alleged tax delinquencies of Mr. Powell. But then Mr. Powell has the advantage of being an important politician.

Today's revelations confirm the allegations of former Assistant U.S. Attorney Thomas A. Bolan, as published by NATIONAL REVIEW last December. It now develops that former Assistant U.S. Attorney Fred Perrotta, who succeeded Bolan as attorney in charge of the Powell investigation, and Mr. Daniel F. McMahon, chief of the Criminal Division of the U.S. Attorney's Office, and Mr. Morris J. Emmanuel of the Treasury Department, were likewise forbidden to take even routine steps to pursue the investigation of Powell. In disgust, Mr. Perrotta finally asked that the Powell case be assigned to another attorney.

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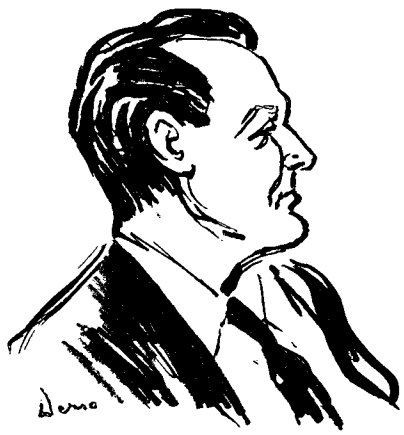
I feel sorry for Mr. Williams. He was performing his duty faithfully until he got the word from his superiors to lay off. Now he is burdened with defending the indefensible. Among other things he chooses to pretend to take seriously the preposterous allegation that NATIONAL REVIEW, by publishing and circulating to the grand jury an article of unchallenged accuracy, violated a law. Mr. Williams is too experienced a lawyer to believe that any indictment he might succeed in sneaking out of a jury of laymen will result in convicting a member of the press for doing his duty. But perhaps he is under orders to bring to the aid of the embattled Attorney General the sordid guns of censorship and intimidation. They may make a certain amount of noise, but certainly as long as the press is free, they won't hurt anyone.

May 12, 1958 WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.



Attorney General William P. Rogers

On May 10, the Associated Press announced that Mr. Edward Bennett Williams of Washington, D. C., who has defended such big timers as Frank Costello, James Hoffa, and Dave Beck, as well as Joe McCarthy, had offered to defend Adam Clayton Powell against charges of tax evasion, free of charge. The following day, Mr. Powell issued an announcement that the story was incorrect—that it was he who had approached Mr. Williams. Nothing was said about the fee.

NATIONAL REVIEW *called Mr. Williams and spoke with him over the telephone. The AP story was incorrect, he confirmed. We asked whether he intended to defend Mr. Powell free of charge, and he answered that he definitely did not, that he intended to charge the "normal fee" charged by him for this kind of a case, that Mr. Powell would agree to pay it, or go to another lawyer.*

On May 13, Mr. Buckley appeared before a grand jury to turn over copies of correspondence, and enclosures, with members of the Powell jury. After leaving the room, he made the following statement to the press:

Indictment of Buckley? Or Presentment of Williams?

I have turned over to the Grand Jury the material NATIONAL REVIEW sent, together with covering letter, to members of the Powell Grand Jury in early April. The principal enclosure was a copy of the article "Death of an Investigation: The Wheels of Justice Stop for Adam Clayton Powell Jr.", published in NATIONAL REVIEW on December 14, 1957. I also volunteered a statement to the grand jury relating the details of a meeting with a member of the Powell jury; a meeting solicited by that juror.

The grand jury now has before it information on the basis of which it can decide whether to indict me, or whether to investigate, and hand up a presentment against, the office of the U.S. Attorney, for negligence in the performance of its duties.

On the second of April, I met with a member of the Powell grand jury at his request. The juror told me that, upon reading NATIONAL REVIEW'S article, relating it to his experience, and checking the story with Mr. Thomas A. Bolan, former assistant U.S. Attorney who had been in charge of the Powell investigation, he had been convinced that Washington had indeed arbitrarily interfered with the Powell investigation. He had, he told me, been endeavoring ever since the article was published, to get the foreman of the jury to extract a plausible explanation from Mr. Paul Williams of the unaccountable suspension of the investigation. The foreman had several times, he said, communicated with the U.S. Attorney, but each time was given a runaround.

The juror told me he intended to lunch the very next day with the foreman, and that he intended to announce to the foreman that if Mr. Williams persisted in his refusal to reconvene the grand jury, he and other dissatisfied members of the jury would take matters into their own hands. To that end, he said, he had arranged to rent a suite of rooms at the Commodore Hotel, to which the jury would be invited, there to resume the investigation. He hoped it would not be necessary to do this; perhaps the foreman would impress Mr. Williams that this time, the jurors meant business.

The juror then asked me to send copies of the article "The Wheels of Justice Stop for Adam Clayton Powell Jr." to every member of the grand jury, to bring to their attention the background of the suspension of the investigation, as it had been supplied to NATIONAL REVIEW by Mr. Bolan.

The covering letter that accompanied the article read in part as follows: ". . . last December NATIONAL REVIEW published an article based on affidavits and other information, establishing the irregularity of the suspension of the investigation of Adam Clayton Powell Jr., and the abuse of the grand jury by the Department of Justice.

"It is the purpose of this letter to inform you that not a single fact contained in that article has

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been challenged, either by Mr. Powell or by the Department of Justice, or by the Tax Department. I am enclosing, for your information, a copy of the original article . . .

"NATIONAL REVIEW is not interested in persecuting Adam Clayton Powell Jr., but *is* interested in the integrity of the judicial process."

It is now established beyond reasonable doubt that only the combined actions of Mr. Thomas A. Bolan, of individual members of the grand jury, and of NATIONAL REVIEW, forced Mr. Paul Williams to do his duty as regards Representative Powell. I call upon him to disqualify himself to prosecute Mr. Powell, as there are no grounds, given the record, for public confidence in his management of the case.

May 13, 1958 WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

U. S. Attorney Paul W. Williams

III THE FUTURE?

Last week, U.S. Attorney Paul Williams acted like a desperate man. And he has a lot to be desperate about. To explain the behavior of his office with respect to the investigation of Adam Clayton Powell Jr. he has, in the past days, said all kinds of things we doubt very much that he would be prepared to say under oath.

He has said that the fourteen months that elapsed between meetings of the grand jury were spent in "evaluating" the case against Powell. *In fact, during most of that period, nothing was being done; the files sat first in New York, gathering dust; then, upon the appearance of* NATIONAL REVIEW'S *article, they were spirited off to Washington, there, presumably, to embellish some other dark and unused room.*

He has said it was a "coincidence" that the foreman of the grand jury called upon him to reconvene the jury at just the moment when Washington had instructed him to do exactly that. *In fact, he had received no such order from Washington; he recalled the jury only because he knew that if he did not recall it, the jury had decided to convene on its own motion.*

He has said he cannot "recall" that Mr. Fred Perrotta, the successor to Thomas A. Bolan as attorney in charge of the Powell investigation, was forbidden to take action to press the investigation of Powell. *In fact, he is aware that during the period when Perrotta was in charge of the case, the order from Washington to freeze the investigation was in effect.*

Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. will make a great deal of noise in the weeks and months to come. Everyone who believes that people who are indicted for knowingly breaking tax laws should be prosecuted will, before Mr. Powell is through abusing them, form a company with those who voted for Dewey in 1944 ("haters of Negroes, democracy, the President, and progress").

In the hue, the important point is likely to get lost. That is, that influence has worked in very high quarters, and it has worked to stop the wheels of justice.

That is a worse offense than tax cheating.

NATIONAL REVIEW calls for

1) The designation of a replacement for U.S. Attorney Paul Williams, to prosecute Powell. Mr. Williams, in the teeth of the record, has declined to disqualify himself, and hence the President should intervene, by appointing a special prosecutor.

2) A full investigation by a congressional committee to find out exactly who was responsible for the suspension of the grand jury investigation in March of 1957.

3) Investigation by a grand jury into the question who was responsible for the obstruction of justice.

Our Contributors: JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK ("A Conversation with Ezra Pound"), is editor of the Richmond, Virginia, *News Leader* and a frequent contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW. He is the author of that cogent defense of states rights, *The Sovereign States*. . . . RALPH DE TOLEDANO ("A Spy for Stalin"), also well known to NATIONAL REVIEW readers, is with the Washington Bureau of *Newsweek*. He is the author of several books, among them *Seeds of Treason* (with Victor Lasky) and *Spies, Dupes and Diplomats*. . . . DONALD W. TREADGOLD ("Impact of the 'Impractical'") is Associate Professor of Russian History at the University of Washington and contributes to the *New Leader* and *Problems of Communism*.

Erratum: Mr. Edward Bennett Williams advises us that he is not being paid by the Teamsters Union a fee higher than that for which Godfrey Schmidt is petitioning the courts. Mr. Williams will reveal the size of his fee when, in behalf of the Teamsters, he formally opposes Mr. Schmidt's petition.

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National Trends

Courts, Quizzes, Committees, Cabals

PETER MINOT

The indictment of Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr., a peripatetic Democrat, for income tax fraud, has been quietly received in Washington. Liberal circles rejoiced mildly over his discomfiture, for the very eyes which discern virtue supreme in Senator Wayne Morse's desertion of the Republican Party perceive rank treason in the Reverend Mr. Powell's adherence to the Eisenhower candidacy in 1956. The sense of pleasure might have been matched on Capitol Hill—Mr. Powell has failed to endear himself even to the most determinedly pro-Negro of his colleagues—had not many congressmen felt unease over this accusation of financial irregularities.

The press corps, which in its mind and heart acquits or convicts without giving the courts their priority in such matters, laughed rather vindictively. Rumors that Herbert Brownell, when he was Attorney General, had undertaken to restrain the arm of the law if it reached out too exuberantly toward Mr. Powell have been rife for some time. If United States Attorney Paul W. Williams dragged his feet inordinately—as the grand jury waited and fumed—he was only doing as Mr. Brownell had bidden, or so said the usually informed sources. Mr. Brownell has gone on to bigger and presumably better things. But the bag he had left his successors holding was full of dirty linen whose washing would benefit no one. Concomitantly there was a rumor that Mr. Williams had written the indictment so badly that it would not be sustained on appeal.

If the reaction to Mr. Powell's misfortunes was mixed, there was a greater degree of unanimity on the deflating of Dr. Linus Pauling. The eminent geneticist, a Nobel Prize winner and revolving apologist for Communist causes, has been calling on the United States to suspend nuclear bomb tests and attempting to frighten us with visions of radiation-induced deformity on a mass scale. In his appearance on "Meet the Press," he was at first energetically jaunty. All scientists who disagreed with the views of Dr. Pauling were vicious and dishonest. The international immorality of the Soviet Union was no worse than that of the United States, etc., etc. This high-level discourse was quietly interrupted by Mr. Frank Conniff of the Hearst organization with one question: How could the American public accept Dr. Pauling's impartiality when he had devoted so much of his non-scientific time to joining Communist fronts? In short order, the radio and TV audience learned that Dr. Pauling had joined some 68 of these organizations, that he had defended atom spies Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, and that he had attacked the UN defense of South Korea. Dr. Pauling shouted and accused—but even the *Washington Post* was shaken.

More than a week before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee issued Section VII of its 355-page annual report, Canadian publicists were active in denouncing it at the bar of the National Press Club. The target of their attack was nine pages devoted to the Norman case.

For those who may have forgotten, E. Herbert Norman was a Canadian diplomat with a glaring record of Communist activities while in this country and a talent for cultivating American Foreign Service officers. He committed suicide in Cairo after his name had cropped up in congressional testimony for the third or fourth time. The outcry was deafening, for presumably it is a well-known fact that only innocent men take their own lives. Mr. Lester Pearson, then Canada's foreign secretary, excoriated the United States and the subcommittee in curiously violent terms and gave Mr. Norman a clean bill of health. The demonstration by Mr. John Diefenbaker, then a Conservative M. P., that Pearson was toying with truth in his defense somewhat minimized the effect of the oratory.

For the past week, Canadian publicists have been busily whispering outrage and mumbling havoc—inciting the American press to launch a missile at the Senate subcommittee. These tactics may backfire. For Mr. Norman left a suicide note which, according to most informed reports, was immediately suppressed by Mr. Pearson's office. When Mr. Diefenbaker and his party toppled the Liberal Government, there were reports that the incriminating document would be published. It has continued to languish in Canadian security files, but a reopening of the controversy may compel publication of Mr. Norman's last words. Igor Gouzenko, former file clerk at the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa who uncovered a great spy ring aimed at the U. S., may be permitted by the government which gave him asylum to speak up once more—something the Liberals forbade when they were in power.

The Vice President's trip to Latin America, taken at the express command of Mr. Eisenhower, is about over. Mr. Nixon faced Communist hooliganism with calm courage—even as he had accepted the President's unkindest cut with equanimity. Mr. Eisenhower's press conference blurt that there were many other "darned good" Presidential candidates on the Republican ticket seemed like a repeat performance of past dalliance with the "dump Nixon" cabal. The President, however, seems to have had some second thoughts on his disclaimer. Even the insensitive seismograph of the Administration registered a bad reaction. The Knowland wing of the GOP did not for a moment believe that the President had meant to include Senator William F. Knowland among the "darned good" possibilities. The Liberal wing saw no hopes of victory in the candidate quietly being suggested by the palace guard: Defense Secretary Neil McElroy. Having pondered all this, Mr. Eisenhower began a systematic effort to assure his intimates that he is *personally* committed to Mr. Nixon's success, but that he could not as President descend into the political arena. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt did this sort of thing with more finesse.

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A Conversation with Ezra Pound

The poet who spent twelve years in "St. Liz" proves to be eccentric, often obscure, sane and sometimes acutely wise

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

On April 18, the Department of Justice dismissed a 13-year-old indictment against Ezra Pound, and a week later the authorities at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington placed this aging poet on an outpatient status. On the afternoon of April 30, Pound drove to Richmond in the company of Harry Meacham, president of the Virginia Poetry Society, and for a little more than two hours we talked together in the oddly chaste and dulcet surroundings of the Rotunda Club here.

This account of that causerie—it surely was nothing so formal as an interview—should be qualified at the outset: We did not talk serious politics. It is useless to talk serious politics with Ezra Pound. He is the last statesman of a lost cause—a cause lost a thousand years ago—and most of his enemies are dust. Talking with him, it is difficult to separate his live antagonists from the dead ones, the Rothschilds of 1750 from their counterparts two centuries later; and there is this problem for the ignoramus, meaning me, that when Pound touches a subject he does not so much touch it as embrace it. His mind is a river that holds ten thousand years of sand, but it deposits little sediment in washing over the untutored listener. Coleridge once remarked that the best poetry is that which is only generally, and not precisely, understood; and what I am groping to say is that I do not understand Pound even generally. Acknowledging that he is "anti-Semitic," I venture the positive assertion that Pound's anti-Semitism never will inspire the faintest urge in anyone to put a torch to a synagogue; a less effective rabble-rouser could not be conceived: The rabble would not understand a word that he says.

I offer this impression also: if words have any meaning left, Ezra Pound surely is no lunatic; and if it is true, as Dr. Overholser says, that Pound's condition has not changed since he entered St. Elizabeth's in 1946, then Pound was not lunatic then. Obscure, yes; eccentric, yes; full of apparent confusion, yes. But crazy, no.

He was twenty minutes late arriving for our appointment. The party had left Washington on time, but had stopped midway for a sandwich, and Pound's dentures had proved inadequate for Howard Johnson's corned beef. They had taken their time to inspect the countryside—Rip Van Winkle absorbed in the neon mountains of Route One—and Pound had found the traffic incredible.

"All the time I was in the bughouse," he remarked, "I kept saying there were 160 million nuts outside, but I didn't realize what the poor devils were up against."

He shakes hands with the hard grip and strong forearm of a man who has played much tennis, and he dominates a room as if his armchair were down-stage center. He wore an open-necked shirt of a particularly god-awful magenta, tails out, and a

pair of outsized slacks with the cuffs rolled up. A black coat, flung cloak-wise over his shoulders, completed the costume. If the description sounds theatrical, it is intended to suggest that there is in Pound a good deal of the actor, a good deal, indeed, of the ham. His bearded face, mobile, is the bust of some morning-after Bacchus; but it is seldom in repose. He sits on the lower part of his spine, head supported on the backrest of the chair, eyes closed; his restless hands are forever searching for glasses, or plucking pencil and notebook from a breast pocket, or shaping ideas in the air. Now and again, he bolts from his chair like some Poseidon from the deep, and his good eye—his right eye—is suddenly shrewd and alive.

On Education

Pound opened the conversation by bringing me a message from a Mrs. Lane in Arlington [NATIONAL REVIEW, April 19] and by commenting sociably upon his pleasure in visiting the South. I inquired, in the same agreeable vein, what he wanted most to do now that his full release was in prospect. The question was intended as no more than an ice-breaker, but Pound took it seriously. He said, leaping up, that God knew there was enough to be done right here. "What about some constitutional government in this country?" What about this filth that passes for education?

He began to talk generally of education. From everything he could read (he hated to read, reading was abominable, nothing but pulp came from publishers anyhow; Bowen's *Coke* was a masterpiece; it was a travesty upon the name of education that he was seventy years old, and in his second kindergarten, before he discovered Coke's *Institutes*)—from everything he could read (he read nothing any more, none of the contemporary poets, how can any contemporary criticism of contemporary works amount to a damn?)—from everything he could read, the schools are full of bilge. College freshmen should be required to know

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two languages, at least one of them inflected, and should be obliged to take analytics; and they should study U.S. history, not by way of Tocqueville and "Sandbag," or Toynbee (Toynbee is flapdoodle), but rather by way of Adams, Van Buren and Benton. It is nonsense for illiterates to be teaching the future when they know nothing of the past.

I single out these observations from a torrent of conversation, much as one plucks a recognizable rooftop from a flood. Pound no sooner launches one thought than he embarks upon another, and I summarize his critique of today's classrooms as one collects miscellaneous fishes after some volcanic churning on the ocean floor. He was thus, in his own fashion, treating current poetry by commenting upon the Italian foreign office in the days of Mussolini, when he sensed that he had lost me altogether.

"I really do have an orderly mind," he said abruptly. And then in a penetrating sentence: "I only want to make certain my interlocutors know the beginnings." Then he was off again, into the causes of war, the suppression of historic truth (of one historian, banished to obscurity by the educationists, Pound had an epitaph: "Poor fellow, he committed accuracy"), the corruptions of the Federal Reserve Board, the usury rates of Byzantium, the reasons why he had not translated a particular Chinese writer, the enduring characteristics of the Manchu Dynasty, the old days in London with Ford Madox Ford. It was wonderful to eat something hot; he had forgotten what it meant for food to be hot. At Rapallo there are surf rafts, and one floats on a blue sea. Had he mentioned that Hemingway once sent him a shark's jaw, the grave of the unknown sailor?

Again the pause, the bright and searching eye. "I don't have a one-track mind," he apologized. He slumped back; he apologized for slumping: "I cannot hold my head up for long; I have to rest it on something; I offered to be tried *in camera,* lying on a couch, but their reverences thought not; no wonder my head hurts, all of Europe fell on it; when I talk it is like an explosion in an art museum, you have to hunt around for the pieces."

Our small group included Miss Charlotte Kohler, editor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. Pound had corresponded with her over a long period of time (his code writing reduces the journal to the Va. ¼-ly Rev.), and she had brought galley proofs of several additional poems in the Pisan Cantos that will appear in the *Review* this summer. Pound observed benignly that all literary quarterlies are mutton, dead from the neck up, and inquired what Miss Kohler might do to improve the situation. She is a brilliant and attractive woman, with a tough, resilient mind, and after a brief defense tossed the question back at him.

On Ideas

He said, responding to one of her comments, that variety alone is not enough. There has to be some excitement, and the only way to get that is to put a couple of good minds in range of each other, and let them go to eye-gouging. This took him back to Wyndham Lewis, and to Ford again, and to Yeats. He was asked how he happened to encourage Yeats, twenty years his senior, when he was in a position to do so in England and Ireland forty years ago. He said he thought Yeats was the greatest poet in the world, discovered he wasn't; Yeats is a gargoyle; Eliot is spoiled by the company he keeps. "Dammit, you've got to examine ideas one at a time; I don't care whether the idea you put in your review comes from a Bolshevik, a Fascist, or a bloody pinko, his idea ought to be examined by itself."

Miss Kohler commented that Pound's Pisan Cantos obviously are still incomplete at the point marked by the manuscript he had sent her, and this led Pound into an extended comparative analysis of *La Divina Commedia*. I am sophomore-ignorant of Dante, and the conversation passed clean over my head; but it was evident that Pound was here speaking with easy sureness and a confident grasp of the complexities of both his work and Dante's. His own parallel characters have now passed through Hell and Purgatory and are somewhere in Paradise. When you paint on a big canvas, he said, gesturing largely, you have to start colors down here, gesturing small, but it all ties in, it all ties in.

As for explicating some of his more obscure passages, he had once spent four pages explaining a two-line poem (and that reminded him of a two-line poem by Hemingway; what is the one big reason for the survival of the Catholic Church? Versatility), and damned if he would add to that. He was asked to explain his work often enough. When the word came that he was coming out of St. Liz, an invitation arrived from some group, he could not remember the name, devoted to pondering the aesthetics of aesthetics, and to making higher criticism of the higher criticism. What an omelet their meeting must be! Yolks of the largest and freshest eggheads only. Winchell was not all bad. Winchell had raised hell when Elliott Roosevelt bumped a civilian off the plane so his damned dog could have a ride. And that reminded him of the story of little Abraham who had to write a sentence using the words "once" and "twice." He wrote: "While I was sleeping in my bed last night, I was bit by a Wuntz, twice." What the Fed is doing to the monetary supply is not new. Once, twice. And back to Byzantium.

On Writing and Reading

It was past five o'clock by this time, and Pound was tiring. As we rose to go, someone, still searching for a brief and useful quote, asked Pound what he would advise young writers to do. Surprisingly, he was terse and to the point: "Get a good dictionary and learn the meaning of words." And as for reading: "Read Linnaeus. Not for botany. Read him because he never used an inexact word." That was the trouble with the whole damned educational system. All this bilge, and the universities can't turn out a college senior who can write a coherent sentence.

Reading this over, I doubt that I have said much of anything new about Ezra Pound. I can remember, as a child, a certain ballroom adorned by a multi-faceted chandelier, formed of a hundred tiny mirrors, which revolved slowly in the glow of colored spotlights. Pound's mind spins and refracts in the same way. Or to shift the simile, his speech is like the focusing of a ground-glass camera:

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The subject is always there, but now it is blurred, now sharp, now vaguely defined. He loves talk, and this mistress may yet prove his undoing, for his tongue is unbridled, and sly, deceitful men will ride his improprieties for all the embarrassment that can be drawn from them. And Pound, to recall his criticism of Eliot, also is hurt by the company he keeps; he swims with the grand abandon of an ancient shark, but a host of parasitic pilot fish ride on his back. So far, he is not disposed to shake them off.

That Pound, as an American citizen, made some imprudent broadcasts from Italy during the war years, is plain enough. By nice legal definition, perhaps these exhortations gave enough curious aid and comfort to the enemy to constitute treason to the United States, though two hours with Pound are enough to prompt grave doubts on this score; one envisions Bill Mauldin's Buck and Willy listening to Pound on the shortwave.

Whatever these sins may have been, they are long past; the nation has forgiven worse offenders. Pound now has served twelve years as a political prisoner in a land that prides itself on political freedom, and it seems to me good that at long last, this old Ulysses will go back to Rapallo, there to lie in a raft on the infinite sea, and gaze at the infinite sky.

A Spy for Stalin

An informer who put the finger on many of Stalin's victims stands indicted—but only for perjury

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Mark Zborowski stands indicted of one count of perjury. The law, in its picayune majesty, accuses him of lying when he denied some fifty meetings with Jack Soble, convicted member of an atomic spy ring, and of association with Vassili Zaroubin, Soviet master of espionage in the United States. But whether or not the courts decide that the grand jury spoke true in its charge, they will not consider Zborowski's admitted apprenticeship as Stalin's spy in the 1930's among those prisoners of frustration, the Trotskyists. Nor will any human judge pass sentence for Zborowski's betrayal of his closest friends—or for the brutal deaths which resulted from that betrayal.

He was a struggling student at Grenoble when the NKVD approached him with an offer of money and future academic kudos in the Soviet Union, from which his parents had fled. The year was 1933, the cellars of the Lubianka had begun to fill with those who would figure in the Great Purge trials, and Stalin dreamed that every footfall on the Kremlin's pavement white was a Trotskyist with serpentine and syenite. He wanted his personal agents to penetrate the Trotskyist movement, to report the names of those still in Russia who maintained a relationship with Communism's Fallen Angel.

Others would be assigned to smash a pickaxe into Trotsky's restless brain. It was Zborowski's job to make himself an intimate of Leon Sedov, Trotsky's ill-fated son and a leader of the Fourth International's European operations. Eventually, Zborowski was told, he would be expected to lure Sedov to a place where he might be kidnapped for transshipment (dead or alive) to the Soviet Union. The NKVD manufactured a "revolutionary" past for Zborowski and gave him a monthly salary of 4,000 francs. This was a munificent sum (at the prewar rate of exchange) and Zborowski explained his affluence to the poverty-ridden Trotskyists as an "inheritance" from a capitalist aunt in Poland.

In the fervid world of Trotskyist intrigue, Mark Zborowski posed as a willing worker against Stalinism. A great show of security was made in the Fourth International, but Zborowski's account of his political antecedent was accepted without any check. He became one of Sedov's trusted lieutenants—and of sufficient importance to the NKVD to be given their secret phone number at the Soviet Embassy in Paris. Alexander Orlov, a high-ranking NKVD official who subsequently defected to the West, read Zborowski's reports to Stalin. And so we know that the Trotsky-Sedov correspondence—"correspondence," says Orlov, that "embraced everything of importance to their movement including secret information from and about Russia"—was regularly digested by Zborowski. The names of secret sympathizers in Russia therefore became the property of the NKVD—and of Stalin, who had ordered that all Zborowski's reports be sent to him. The rubber-tired Soviet equivalent of the tumbril rolled in Russia.

By 1936, the Fourth International was at its busiest and most influential. The rising terror within Russia, the stirrings in Asia, the growing influence of the trade union movement, and the Spanish Civil War found the Trotskyists deeply involved. British Intelligence and the *Deuxième Bureau* had little time for an examination of these activities, but the NKVD was immensely interested. In July of that year, the Fourth International called a secret conclave in Paris. Elaborate plans to keep the Soviets from spying on the meeting were made. The delegates, as they arrived in Paris, were to make rendezvous with a trusted courier, at various Metro stations. The courier would conduct them singly to the meeting place. Sedov looked about him for a man untainted by suspicion to serve as the courier. He chose Zborowski.

Their reports from Russia indicated that there was a serious leak in Trotskyism's leadership. To protect

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the Trotsky archives, invaluable in rebutting the charges of the Moscow trials, they were packed into fifteen large bundles and moved secretly from a private home to the International Institute of Social History, a center of Marxist studies run by Boris Nicolaevsky. Four people knew of this—Sedov, Nicolaevsky, Mrs. David Dallin, and Zborowski. On the night of November 6, 1936—days after the transfer—the Institute was burglarized. Money and other documents were untouched—but the Trotsky archives were stolen. Zborowski protested the raid to his NKVD superiors. "This will throw suspicion on me," he said. He was told coldly to mind his own business. "Those papers are a present to Stalin on the anniversary of the Revolution," was the explanation.

But Zborowski fingered more than papers. In 1937, Ignace Reiss broke with the Soviet apparatus in Western Europe—and there was consternation in the ranks. Reiss was a veteran of the underground wars, a hero of the German struggles. He knew Richard Sorge, another spy then posing as a Nazi as he built up a fantastically successful espionage ring in China and Japan. Reiss' high rank, moreover, gave him first-hand knowledge of the structure and scope of Soviet operations in the West. It was mandatory that he be murdered before he could talk. Hunted by the NKVD and suspicious of the capitalist police, Reiss turned to Sedov. Three people knew that Reiss had agreed to leave Lausanne for a meeting with Sedov in Rheims—and one of them was Zborowski. When Reiss' bullet-torn body was found in the woods near the French border, a ticket to Rheims was in his pocket.

Trotskyist leaders, en route to Spain, stopped off in Paris to see Sedov—and the NKVD phone at the Soviet Embassy rang loudly. A report that Alexander Barmine, youngest Soviet general and key diplomat, was in flight from Stalin reached the NKVD—via Zborowski. When General Walter G. Krivitsky, chief of Red Army Intelligence in Western Europe and a friend of Reiss, broke with his past in those nights of the long knives, Sedov gave him a bodyguard—Zborowski—and the NKVD moved in. One unsuccessful attempt was made on Krivitsky's life in Paris, and the French police assigned men to keep an eye on him. Orlov reports that the NKVD decided to bide its time. (Suicide was committed on Krivitsky in a Washington hotel room early in 1941.)

By 1938, Zborowski had promoted himself to a Damon and Pythias relationship with Sedov. When Sedov was suddenly stricken, Zborowski rushed to a phone to summon an ambulance—and alert the NKVD. Friends of the healthy young man felt that he would recover quickly—but they tried to keep his illness and the name of his hospital secret. Yet Sedov died, under circumstances which are considered mysterious. To students of Stalin's secret service, however, they were no more mysterious than the sudden death in Cuba of Tina Modotti, an NKVD *apparatchik,* whose health deteriorated dramatically after she had broken with the Red underground.

When Alexander Orlov could no longer stomach his work in the NKVD, he too broke. Unlike many who had departed before him, he kept his own counsel. Knowing about Zborowski, he stayed away from the Trotskyists. But he wrote a detailed anonymous letter to Trotsky, warning him of the Soviet agent in the Fourth International. Mrs. Dallin was in Mexico at the time, and Trotsky showed her the letter. Anonymous letters were not new to him. The NKVD used them to denounce his most trusted followers, hoping to plant a seed of suspicion, to cause dissension in the Trotskyist movement. He showed Mrs. Dallin another letter, accusing her of being a Stalinist agent. When she returned to Paris, she told Zborowski about it. "Smears," he said. And he laughed.

The collapse of Europe brought Zborowski to the United States in 1941. At first, he earned his living as the foreman for a metal products company in Brooklyn. One summer day in 1943, as he strolled along the Coney Island beach—or so he says—Zborowski was approached by a stranger. "Finally we have found you again," the stranger said. Zborowski swears that he refused to accept an order to return to work for the NKVD. But within days he had quit his job, moved to Manhattan—and to the same house where some of his former Paris associates lived. In 1945 he turned up at Columbia University, doing anthropological research and being cultivated by such people as Gene Weltfish—later to charge that the U.S. was using germ warfare in Korea. A grant from the United States Mental Health Institute brought Zborowski $24,000 for research.

He seemed free of all suspicion. Then, in 1954, Alexander Orlov came out of hiding. His articles on the NKVD had caused a sensation when they appeared in *Life* magazine. He began to mingle with New York's Russian colony. One day, David Dallin, then gathering material for his book on Soviet espionage, asked Orlov how thoroughly the NKVD had penetrated the Trotskyist movement. "The closest friend of Trotsky's son was an agent," Orlov replied. And then he asked, "Is it true that Sedov cried like a child in 1936 when he read that Zinoviev and Kamenev were executed?" It was a question laying bare that curious sentimentality of the *apparatchik*—an intimate and damning detail from one of Zborowski's reports.

The Dallins confronted Zborowski. He calmly admitted that he had spied for the NKVD. Yes, he had reported on his friend Sedov, he had informed the NKVD that Krivitsky was in Paris. All this was true. But he had always reported "late"—after his information had lost its value—never when it could do harm. And he had been very angry when the NKVD had stolen the Trotsky archives. He had not known they would do such a thing. He was sorry, so sorry that he wrote a "confession" for the Dallins. Two years later, he repeated the same story to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Everything that he admitted had occurred in Paris, beyond the reach of American law. He returned to his anthropological research on the cultural components in responses to pain.

But the wheel was spinning. The Soble-Abel-Albam atomic spy ring was broken up by the FBI. Jack Soble turned State's Evidence. Among those he named was Mark Zborowski. Fifty meetings, said the government. None, said Zborowski. The indictment was handed up. The rest of the story remained untold. But guilty or innocent, the story already on the record could never be expunged.

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Besieged Ramparts of Empire

After Suez, Aden. After Cyprus, Malta. The spotlight is constantly shifting to illumine new points of action: no sooner is there a lull in one place than trouble breaks out in another.

The trouble in Aden is, in one sense, only the latest consequence to flow from the British evacuation of the Suez Canal Zone in 1954, that incalculably significant act of appeasement. Aden is not in itself a very desirable spot; it's hardly more than a stretch of hot, volcanic desert turned by British efforts into a town and a port. But just beyond the Crown Colony of Aden and the sheikdoms of the Aden Protectorate lies the Yemen, which is now technically part of Colonel Nasser's United Arab Republic; and Colonel Nasser is not the man to accept the continued existence of a Western enclave in the middle of his empire.

In every café you can hear the voice of Radio Cairo demanding the "complete Arabization" of Aden. A few bombs have already been thrown. The Yemenis make sporadic raids across the frontier. Until a few months ago the raiders were armed only with antique rifles, but now British troops are being fired on with mortars and heavy machine-guns. From the neighboring island of Kamaran you can see a Russian-built jetty flanked with extensive new gun emplacements. Across that jetty has passed a steady stream of Russian tanks and lorries and guns: on the airstrip beyond stand Russian planes: and the Yemenis have Russian instructors to show them how to use their new toys.

Aden is now the only Western foothold between Malta and Singapore, the only guardian of our communications with Australia and the Far East, the only remaining protection for our vital oil supplies in the Middle East. From the Russian point of view, Aden is full of promise. If it can be detached from the West and brought within the sphere of Soviet influence, almost the last impediment to Russia's great Southern push will have been removed. The Communists can thrust down through Syria, the Yemen, Egypt and the Sudan into Africa. Nationalism is everywhere being used to oust the West and can itself be easily swallowed up later according to the classic Communist doctrine.

The trouble in Malta is not primarily Communist-caused, but that does not mean the Communists do not welcome it or that Britain's allies should not feel concerned about it. What weakens and distracts one member of the Western Alliance weakens and distracts the Alliance as a whole. Cyprus pins down large numbers of British troops and costs a great deal of British money: Algeria pins down large numbers of French troops and costs a great deal of French money: both are fruitful sources of anti-Western propaganda.

Malta may or may not become another Cyprus but Mr. Mintoff himself underlined the importance of what is happening there. If his terms are not accepted, he says, Malta will demand independence but independence "does not mean that another nation will not replace Britain." In plain words, Mr. Mintoff is prepared to sell Malta to the highest bidder.

The ancient European community of Malta came under the protection of the British Crown by its own request in 1802, and its social and economic life is wholly bound up with the British dockyard and naval base. During the last war, the Maltese stood up loyally and gallantly under constant Axis bombing. Then a few years ago Mr. Mintoff with a majority of the Maltese electorate behind him put forward a startling proposal. He asked for the gradual integration of Malta into the United Kingdom, with Maltese representatives sitting in the House of Commons.

British sentiment was immensely touched. At a time when so much of the Empire was breaking away, here was one country at least which wanted closer ties. Spokesmen of all three Parties welcomed this "imaginative proposal," and in September 1955 a Round Table Conference was held in London to discuss ways and means. There was a certain amount of opposition in Malta, but integration was agreed on in principle.

There was enough opposition to prevent anything being done at once, however, and since 1955 a number of things have happened. Mr. Mintoff has several times complained that Britain isn't giving Malta enough money: on one occasion he expressed his displeasure by wrecking all the telephone lines. But worse was to come. The development of ballistic missiles and the changes in defense policy generally have so far reduced the importance of the Maltese dockyards that for economy's sake they are to be gradually closed down. The population of Malta is already far larger than the island can sustain: what will happen if the major source of employment is withdrawn? The British government is prepared to help but not to provide a huge permanent subsidy on which the Maltese can live at the expense of the British taxpayer; which is apparently what Mr. Mintoff wants.

Britain certainly has a moral responsibility for Malta, because of the economic distortion inevitably produced by the needs of the Royal Navy over many years. But this does not mean that Britain is bound to support every Maltese for the rest of time.

Meanwhile Mr. Mintoff has resigned; Dr. Borg Olivier, leader of the Nationalist Party, says he has no mandate to form an alternative Government; and the Governor, Sir Robert Laycock, has had to assume direct control. The mobs are out in the streets of Valetta and Mr. Mintoff is lashing them into an ugly mood. A little while ago he was claiming their support for complete integration with Britain. Now he is claiming their support for complete severance from Britain. Such is the nature of mobs that they seem equally prepared to clamor for either policy. It is hard not to suspect that Mr. Mintoff wanted integration only so that Malta could enjoy the benefits of the Welfare State without having to pay for them herself.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Accreditors Smitten

On this page, a few weeks since [March 22], I described the tribulations of Christian High School, Holland, Michigan, which was deprived of its accredition by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools because its trustees refused to institute courses in woodshop and homemaking: a first-class school treated with this insolence because it presumed to stand up for decent secondary education. Since I wrote, other voices have taken up the cause of Holland Christian. The *Saturday Evening Post, Life* and *Time* came out courageously and vigorously against the anti-intellectual hierarchs of accrediting. The principal newspapers of Michigan have added their condemnation of the North Central Association. A very influential state senator in Michigan, Mr. Geerlings, has denounced the accreditors on the floor of the Michigan Senate. The Michigan College English Association has adopted a resolution commending Holland Christian and condemning the North Central Association's action.

All this, I am told, has made certain administrators at the University of Michigan uneasy in the extreme. For although nominally it was the North Central Association which disaccredited Holland Christian, in plain fact the NCA acts upon Michigan secondary schools only through the Bureau of School Services of the College of Education, the University of Michigan. The people who really made the decision against Holland Christian were the educationists of the Bureau. Now, however, the Bureau is endeavoring to escape responsibility by pretending that the disaccredition was not its act, but that of the remote and Olympian North Central Association, whose rules (according to the Bureau) are as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, never to be altered in jot or tittle. Moreover, say the Bureau gentry, we here in Michigan haven't yet made up our minds whether the University of Michigan itself will disaccredit Holland Christian so far as admission of its graduates to the U of M is concerned. To anyone familiar with the interlocking directorates among the educationist hierarchy of the United States, this evasion and responsibility-shifting is a familiar phenomenon.

One other person rendered unhappy by all this fuss is a Dr. Bos, superintendent of Christian High, Holland. Dr. Bos himself tried to persuade the trustees of Holland Christian to institute these courses in shop and homemaking; and his language generally is that of a typical educationist. Such persons find it prudent to ingratiate themselves with the Bureau of School Services and the North Central Association, for the odds are that some day or other a superintendent may need to avail himself of the educationist patronage-network in the public-school system. Dr. Bos undoubtedly would surrender incontinent to the Bureau and the Association, if his trustees would let him. But it is now certain that they won't; so Dr. Bos is left straddling his fence. So, for that matter, is the only daily newspaper in Holland—which has printed nothing about the whole controversy, even though the most widely-circulated magazines in the country are full of it.

The Remedy

In Michigan and in other parts of the country, this Holland scandal has caused some well-known scholars and college administrators to talk of organizing a new accrediting association, which would base its findings upon scholastic achievement, not upon "plant," "fringe" activities, and "enrichments" like homemaking, shop, swimming pools, and rifle ranges. For the past decade, most of the accrediting associations—run by professors of education—have been interfering arbitrarily and banefully in favor of "social adjustment" and "physical facilities," both in colleges and secondary schools. Unless genuine scholars and teachers can regain control of these regional associations, the formation of a new accrediting agency may be the only remedy. The accrediting associations also have exhibited a passion for arbitrary interference with the organization of college and secondary-school curricula, although they are quite uninterested in the intellectual content of such curricula.

Meanwhile, little Holland Christian High has gone on making an admirable scholastic record for itself—no thanks, possibly, to Superintendent Bos, for it has an able principal and teachers. Very recently, a contest in mathematics was held among Michigan high schools. Some 6,200 entrants were asked to solve fifty problems. Out of the top 300 contestants, eleven were from Holland Christian, a small church-connected institution. And of the sixty winners in the competition, all over the state—Detroit, Grand Rapids, Flint, Lansing, and the other cities included—two were from Holland Christian. This is the school which has been disaccredited because it does not satisfy the North Central Association's principal criterion of a good school, that its students "learn to live with all the world." How does one learn to live with all the world? Not by studying history, geography, languages, and politics, of course, but by enrolling in shop and homemaking. Any faithful educationist knows that.

Well, the Bureau of School Services and the North Central Association may never recover the reputation they have lost in the Holland Christian case. The national attention roused by this affair suggests what may be done to reform our schools if only a few determined and intelligent people, in some little community, take the trouble to make a stand against the bullies of Total Education. The entire United States owes something to the Holland Christian people for their courage.

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *211 East 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*

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Impact of the "Impractical"

DONALD W. TREADGOLD

The American public now has had its attention fully drawn to the technical achievements of Soviet education. Unfortunately there seems as yet little discussion of the current values and outlook of educated Soviet youth, acquired either because or in spite of the intentions of the State, which controls all educational institutions in the USSR. Stuart Ramsay Tompkins' *The Russian Intelligentsia* (University of Oklahoma, $5.00) and *Soviet Education*, edited by George L. Kline (Columbia, $3.50) may make some contribution to an appreciation, on the part of the public and even (one might hope) of our Government, of the immeasurable importance of the attitudes of the youth not only in Russia and other Communist states but also in the non-Communist countries of Asia and Africa where Communist influence is spreading.

Professor Tompkins' book deals with the rise of the Russian intelligentsia in the period when it was (partly by choice) an outcast group, planning and working for the overthrow of the existing Czarist regime and for the establishment of some kind of order in which socialism and philosophical materialism would provide the dominant values. It is not in all respects a very successful book. Although the author documents what he says fully, he does not examine at length any of the vexing problems of interpretation which he raises, and so the scholar will not find it fully satisfactory, while the general reader will miss the definitions and characterizations of people and movements which would be needed to make it a balanced analytical survey. Sometimes it appears to be a kind of source book; it contains many long and often interesting quotations, some of which are only briefly analyzed by the author, and are linked by such awkward transitions as, "there are various other events involving Chernyshevskii."

There are few strictly factual errors, but many questionable interpretations. The author's understanding of the ambiguous words, "nihilism," "populism," and even the all-important term "intelligentsia" (which we may define as the politically interested section of the educated class, regardless of social origin), is not made entirely clear. The nature of Russian Marxism is left so obscure that Plekhanov's reason for urging the "proletariat" to join the liberals against Czarism is given as the "general spirit of the times in favor of constitutionalism" rather than the specific Marxist explanation Plekhanov himself provided.

The fundamental question of interpretation involved in the differences between Russia and the West is not very thoroughly explored. For example, nihilism is said to be a "Russian phenomenon, deeply rooted in Russian life . . ." although the author concedes that there were periods of "amoralism" in Western history also. But the specific ingredient in nihilism of Darwinism, and the widespread contemporary European movement to reject absolute moral standards on the grounds of what "science" was deemed to prove, are not discussed. The book's final conclusion is that moderate "West European" solutions were unfortunately elbowed aside by violent "Russian" ones, and thus the revolutionary movement finally spawned a new despotism far worse than the old one.

What he sees as the "Russian" tradition plainly horrifies the author. He says honestly and wistfully that the fanaticism of the intelligentsia "appalls us"; "there are so many things in Russian life that run counter to our ideals," even though he takes care to deny that Russians are somehow innately barbaric. One may share his repugnance for the things which trouble him, and still feel that a deeper study will show that the seeds of Bolshevik tyranny must be sought not only on Russian soil but also in the crisis of thought which has troubled intellectuals of the European tradition for many generations longer than the span of Tompkins' book. West Europeans made a large contribution to the evolution of the Russian intelligentsia in the direction of single-minded and doctrinaire devotion to certainly immoral means which were intended to secure putatively moral ends.

At the same time, however, a considerable portion of the intelligentsia (the author discusses some of these currents) had by 1917 broken out of the confines of the tradition of uncompromising fanaticism. Tompkins explains Bolshevik suppression of press freedom by a dubious assertion that half a century earlier "most Russian writers, however much they might inveigh against the repression of the censorship, believed deep down in their hearts that governments were entitled to forbid expression of hostile views"; to do so is to turn a considerable segment of the Russian intelligentsia from victims into moral culprits responsible for their own sufferings, and from opponents of Bolshevism into reliable Leninists. There is a grain of truth in this, but not a very large one.

There are many virtues in Professor Tompkins' book, much that is interesting, many questions which are carefully handled, some material that is new. Even the reader who is not

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able to follow the narrative at certain points will gain a feeling of the alienation and the commitment, the benevolence and the ruthlessness of the revolutionaries. There remains to be completed the task of relating the Russian intelligentsia and its thought to the Western influences to which it owed so much, while considering the part the policies and practices of the despotic Russian State played in leading many earnest young people to move on from philosophical confusion to violent action.

Soviet Education consists of a number of essays by men and women who experienced the educational system of the USSR over a lengthy period. There is some overlapping, but all the individual contributions have differing focuses which range from pre-school through university and from the Ukraine to Tadzhikistan. The material, especially when drawn from personal observation, is fascinating, and the harmony of conclusions, while not complete, is striking. It seems clear from this book and other material, including the reports of the Western travelers of the past two years, that the present-day Soviet youth is not completely homogeneous in outlook. There are few ardent Communists. Many shun all politics but the required totemistic slogans (which they probably neither believe nor disbelieve) in favor of their chosen technical specialties—this attitude needs further analysis in connection with the Sputniks and other Soviet technological achievements. A few are taking the risks of asking searching questions which threaten the basis of Soviet totalitarianism. Vladmir Samarin reports that, in the late thirties in Orel, "only a few students went to the study circles in political subjects like Leninism, while literary debates attracted hundreds . . ." One part of Russian youth is back where it was in the heyday of the "social critics" of the 1850's, when politics was discussed under the guise of literature; another part is in the position of those whom the same "social critics" attacked for preoccupation with aesthetic or moral problems; many of the young people are in a situation just opposite to that of the dominant pre-1917 student group, a situation in which certainly materialism and what purports to be socialism have secured the backing of the power of the State (one infinitely more powerful than that of Czarism), and in which the means for demonstrating hostility to the regime may include the flamboyant behavior in American teen-ager style which has been associated with "capitalism," and, even on the part of those lukewarm to religion, church attendance.

The beginnings of a new intelligentsia are visible in the USSR—not the officially recognized "Soviet intelligentsia" which consists of the professional men and women who belong to the ruling élite, but one which is calling the established order into question. At the same time, an intelligentsia has been rapidly forming in some of the Afro-Asian countries. The Afro-Asian group either faces crumbling autocratic states or is already influential in newly independent governments; the Soviet group confronts the ruthless and organized power of totalitarianism. The Afro-Asian group has some of the same socialist and materialist goals which the old Russian intelligentsia had; the Soviet group is beginning to doubt them. Thus the paradox emerges that the subject of Professor Tompkins' book, which begins a century ago, may perhaps have greater relevance to the contemporary world than that of the book Professor Kline has edited, although some of the events it mentions occurred within the last decade. Much remains to be done before we fully understand such phenomena and before the American public and its leaders come to appreciate how abstruse concepts and theoretical discussions among the young and "impractical" have transformed our world and are likely to go on doing so.

Novelists: Victorian and Vulgar

GARRY WILLS

Ouida was as popular, at one time, as Dickens. James Jones sold four million copies of *From Here to Eternity*. The stock romanticism, and the stock naturalism, of two different periods made the manufacturers of each commodity successful. Not that either novelist cynically pandered to the popular taste; both sincerely shared all its weaknesses, as two new books make clear.

Mr. Jones' *Some Came Running* (Scribner, $7.50) is a caricature—not intended, and not funny—of all the techniques of the recent novel from *Ulysses* to *Peyton Place*. It is written with an illiterate hatred of periods and commas, which is supposed to show the stream of several conscienceless persons' thought. It is as ostentatiously masculine as the author, who substitutes a gymnasium and knife for Hemingway's jungle and *muleta*. It is a "serious" literary refashioning of the back-alley raconteur's material, done in the manner of Steinbeck. But naturalism, as everyone knows, has moved from Southern hovels to the white-clapboarded small town—to Peyton Place, Brocton and the Parkman, Illinois of this story. This is a sensitive novel, we know, because the author says there is an El Greco sky over Parkman.

A writer, who is suffering from rejected love and a taste of the army, returns home to discuss Proust and to sleep with brutish prostitutes. A Vestal of the "new literature," who quotes the small quarterlies and pretends to a scarlet past, forces him to write again. Meanwhile, the mating habits of young and old in Parkman, and the non-mating of the Vestal (who wants to inspire the hero from the sheets but is ashamed to let him know she is a virgin), are carefully detailed. The writer marries one of his Neanderthal bedmates, and goes to an early grave. But his book is completed. This is inspiring, since it gives all the lust, lies and frustration a meaning and a purpose—to produce a Writer who Captures all the Lust, Lies and Frustration. This seems very important to James Jones, who has spent six years filling twelve hundred pages, with—well, with L, L and F.

Perhaps nothing could seem further from the dungareed Jones than the crinolined Ouida. But the Victorian novelist was just as unfortunate as Jones in being attuned to a superficial literary fashion. The novel of

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Dickens without humor, of Scott without swashbuckling verve, of a Brontë without the atmosphere of storm—that was the staple which Ouida (Maria Louise Ramé) turned out in quantity. Though the Victorians loved this staple (as their reaction to Little Nell shows), we can only admire the personal departures which were made from this common ground of nineteenth-century melodrama. The only passages which her new biographer can quote for our admiration are extended descriptions—all done in a conventional way, and of the conventional places—of the Italy where Victorian writers gathered.

If her novels are not worth our interest, we might ask, is her life? Monica Stirling apparently thinks so, for she has written it as *The Fine and the Wicked* (Coward-McCann, $4.00). Anyone acquainted with this kind of biography can guess the reason Miss Stirling gives for going to the trouble of writing it. And Potter must be listing it now—under Biographermanship—as the "her-life-was-more-exciting-than-her-books" gambit. But this is a history which that gambit can only distort. In fact, it exactly reverses the meaning of Ouida's life: though she pined for excitement, it was always beyond her reach.

Miss Stirling paints Ouida's twenty-year attachment to the Marchese della Stufa as one of those grand passions with which her own heroines shocked the early Victorians. Her interest in politics and her place in high society complete this picture of an exciting life; while Miss Stirling's evaluation of her novels denies their fantastic and foolish romanticism. For every oddity of plot, an item from a newspaper is quoted to prove that such things *do* occur. This misses the point. Shakespeare is full of fantastic coincidences, but his subject is Reality. Ouida's approach, on the other hand, was not merely non-"realistic." It was unreal. And her life was as infected as her novels with a tendency to take the cardboard stage-setting for real life.

She *was* given a reception (though a lukewarm one) in society, but for decades she was a young girl at her first ball. She did not even know that her Marchese was living openly with a married woman. And after she found out, she still imagined that their tender conversations over tea were a grand "affair." She did not press her claims or look elsewhere, because she was satisfied with the plumes and appearances of love. When even these were taken away from her, she tried to form the same kind of attachment with another man. She failed, and spent her last years lavishing affection on her dogs.

Miss Stirling says Ouida forgot her disappointments in a passion for politics. But here again she never knew real involvement. A symbol of her life might be the fact that she talked with her hero, Lord Salisbury, and never knew it; since he did not want to be introduced, he begged the others present to keep her ignorant of the situation. This was not very difficult.

Acclaimed for a pseudo-art, languishing for years over a pseudo-love, waging pseudo-crusades against dog-muzzlers and tree-surgeons, she was a victim of the worst unreality. Her life was as dull as her books.

The Passing Scene

The Trickle Effect

FINIS FARR

It is no secret that the United States automobile industry has begun to suffer from declining sales. But since there is still a tremendous supply of money and credit in the country, it may not be out of order to suggest that the source of the auto makers' trouble is in the product rather than the purchasers. Certainly it is true that sensitive observers have long maintained something has gone seriously wrong with basic automobile design as it is practiced at General Motors, Ford and Chrysler.

To be specific, there is much that is repulsive in the looks of the fat, waddling Caddies, the whale-shaped Buicks, the huge-finned Chryslers, and Ford's pretentious Edsels with the five-foot "flight decks" at the rear. Perhaps it was putting such a silly name to this protuberance that finally touched off a general buyers' rebellion. At any rate the Edsel, product of the same industrial complex that afflicted the nation with the Fund for the Republic, gives signs of being an all-time floperoo. But nobody in Detroit is very happy these days, and we have no reason to smile at the car manufacturers' difficulties. Instead of foolishly gloating, let us see if we can help.

Taking the historical view, it would seem that the trouble started in the late 1930's, when Americans were alarmed to see the running boards disappear from their automobiles and monstrous grilles begin to grow in front. Soon the lean thoroughbred look of the great cars had completely vanished, and the style that took its place grew swollen and dishonest as the years went on.

In fairness, however, it should be noted that Detroit designers did occasionally make efforts toward an uncluttered line. There was the 1955 Chevrolet, for example, which was reasonably proportioned and had a clean grille. Its worst fault was the "eyelid" over the headlights, an inescapable feature now in all makes. And it is typical of how things are going in the motor trade that three models later, this relatively inoffensive Chevvie had turned into a chrome-crusted dreamboat with redundant headlights, meaningless fender decorations and enormous tail. Even the Corvette has been corrupted with "sculptured" (scooped-in) sides, while chromium has begun to collect on the flanks of the Thunderbird.

This is supposed to be what people want. Yet there is evidence that a great many people do not want anything like it, and will go to considerable trouble to buy something else. Over 200,000 small European-made automobiles were bought last year in the United States. These are not by any means all masterpieces of design, but the big sellers among them, such as the German Volkswagen, if not objects of beauty and grace, are devoid of ostentation, small enough to park easily, and do not drink too greedily at the gas pump. And the British Morris 1,000, among others, succeeds in combining the virtues of smallness with a certain elegance of

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design. (The interest in these and other foreign automobiles, including sport cars, was shown by the large crowds which turned out to see them at the recent International Show in the New York Coliseum.)

But the viewers and buyers of little foreign cars, numerous and enthusiastic as they have proved to be, are not the only customers to turn away from the Big Three. We must also reckon with the army of purchasers who are changing American Motors' 1957 deficit of almost $12 million into what apparently will be a $10 million profit for the current year. This company made a success of the small, pleasingly proportioned Rambler and the even smaller Rambler-American, which is built on a wheelbase only 100 inches long.

It is true that the total of sales to small-car buyers, even if there should be 500,000 of them in 1958, represent but a small slice of the eight million U.S. car purchases to be hoped for in a really good year. But the big-car men have frankly been selling more than mere transportation: they have offered "the sweet look of success" when you "move into the fine-car class." That is, when the customer turns in his old car, they want him to "trade up." Hitherto he has frequently done so, sometimes pledging himself for as long as thirty months to swing the deal. This does very well as a measure for keeping up with the Joneses, and in all of us that is in one way or another a motivating desire. But suppose the Joneses begin to run around in small, unostentatious, economical automobiles? Could the Dreamboat Eight become as extinct as the silk shirt? Here is where I think the car manufacturers should be told about what the sociologists call the trickle effect.

This is the effect that is felt when the style setters at the very top of the ladder, clear out of the average citizen's sight, adopt some article of use or manner of behavior, and it eventually trickles down through all levels. (An example from men's clothes is the button-down collar, first worn by Mr. Gerard Lambert and others forty-five years ago.) Ordinary ad-agency research is useless in trying to find the sources of the trickle effect. But for a good clue as to where to start looking, I'll give the motor men a hint: they might learn something to their advantage by reading Dr. E. Digby Baltzell's documented study, *Philadelphia Gentlemen.*

Yet even when they find small, modestly priced cars parked three deep around the style setters' homes and clubs, the Detroiters may still object that a cheap car can't be made with United Automobile Workers' wage costs what they are. This brings up the possibility that Walter Reuther may at last have priced his UAW subjects out of the job market. And so, as one who makes no claim to having started a trickle effect, but who in this matter strongly feels one, I would address the motor makers:

Dear Sirs: I want a small, self-propelled, wheeled vehicle built for use and not for show, and I want it delivered to my door for $1,400. I don't give a damn whether it's made by union employees or not, so long as it runs, and the designer doesn't try to kid me. You can cut your advertising costs altogether by simply mailing me the specifications, and if they are right, you will get my order by return post, and I will pay cash. There are hundreds of thousands like me today, and unless I am mistaken, there will be millions tomorrow. Sales, anyone?

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

ORPHEUS AT EIGHTY, by Vincent Sheean (Random House, $5.00). Stravinski and Toscanini, Franz Werfel, Francis Toye and Joseph Kerman have rescued Verdi from the limbo of organ grinders. Their reassessment of his music opens again all the questions implicit in his life—a meditative life strangely at variance with the swashbuckling music; Verdi was a somber and dedicated Cyrano, for all his swordplay of sound. Carlo Gatti has done the scholarly spadework for historians; now the inevitable by-product of the "revival" appears—saccharine biography fashioned in dull superlatives. Sheean's book details the political background of Verdi's life, but leaves the central things unillumined: the retiring man whose music strutted in every theater, the demonstrative music full of hidden depths. Verdi spoke only through the greatest voices of his day and ours; never in his own. His silences have still to be penetrated. G. WILLS

A MEASURE OF LOVE, by Iris Origo (Pantheon, $4.50). A quintet of portraits—as distinct from chronological biographies—of five nineteenth-century persons caught in particular circumstances of their lives which reveal the essence of their characters. Some are famous, like Mazzini and Byron's daughter, Allegra; others are barely known at all. But each comes resonantly to life, for Miss Origo is the truest heir to Lytton Strachey writing in English today, and her books, like his, prove that the biographical portrait need not be just a clutter of compendious detail, but a work of art as composed and impacted as a good novel. After all, what both are seeking is the mystery of human character, and when I had finished *A Measure of Love* (which contains, among other things, the finest image of Shelley I have ever encountered), I even wondered if there were any serious advantage in imagining human beings any more, when such astonishing ones have actually lived and are only waiting for Miss Origo's quality of biographer—the Post-Novelist, we might say—to render them, to *recover* them, with words.

R. PHELPS

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To the Editor

An Ancient Party Platform

As one of those conservative workers in the ranks of "men in solitude" attending or keeping in touch with such meetings as the Congress of Freedom throughout many years, may this letter express gratitude for the constructive insight into efforts of conservatives shown in Russell Kirk's illuminating article on "The Seventh Congress of Freedom" in your May 3 issue? We thoroughly agree with his analysis, but wish to take exception to his deduction that "there is no One Big Idea . . . which can unite the disparate conservative elements in the United States."

Professor Kirk almost enunciates that himself when he discusses the need to return to "those first principles upon which depends a just and orderly and free society," saying, "the more they turn toward first principles, the smaller will be the role within their ranks played by the fantastic and the fanatic; the more will they attract people of substance and sound sense." A conservative, as the good professor says, defends and conserves certain ancient principles, true norms, enduring standards. Those defending such are, as he again points out, "a remnant in our land"; he should have added that that remnant could lead us back to those trusted and tried principles. This is, to quote him again: "an age of apathy." It is also an age of mediocrity, and this latter is illustrated by the great number "politically ignorant and indifferent, easily manipulated by tight little knots of Liberals and radicals."

The ONE BIG IDEA upon which those not falling into the above category can unite is: the United States CONSTITUTION. . . .

Washington, D. C. C. C. WARFIELD

Whose Dues Is the Union Due?

I was quite surprised to read one of the editorials in your April 12 issue. You reported that the Corn Products Refining Company had entered into a contract with the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union under which it has agreed to withhold from the pay of its non-union employees and turn over to the union a sum equivalent to union dues. Your comment on this was that "this contract protects the non-unionist's job, and that is a step in the right direction." On the contrary, I think this is a big step in the wrong direction.

The primary purpose of the closed shop is not to bring more members into the union, but to collect added revenue through dues. One of the most important arguments against the closed shop is that it forces the workers to pay taxes to a private government. Under the above contract this is being accomplished without the employee even being a union member. This is a dangerous precedent. . . .

Flushing, N. Y. WILLIAM F. DINEEN

[The closed shop has two purposes. The first is to increase the power of the union by increasing the size of its treasury. The second is to increase the power of the union by increasing the number of persons over whom it has disciplinary powers. Mr. Dineen correctly deplores taxation without representation, but does not believe —as NATIONAL REVIEW tends to—that something, not much but something, is to be gained from an organizational severance of ties. ED.]

Samuel Roman's Record

I noticed the item in "For the Record" of the May 3 issue about L. Judson Morhouse helping Left-Republican Samuel Roman to get the position of Postmaster of New York. Also the one regarding Report No. 43 of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on Javits' testimony before the 1956 election.

Interestingly enough, L. Brent Bozell commented in the September 22, 1956, issue on the Javits testimony in which the fact was revealed that as recently as November 1954 Sam Roman was at a dinner for Rose Russell, an official of the notoriously pro-Communist Teachers Union, which was ousted from both the AFL and CIO for being Communist-dominated. This could hardly have been lost on Mr. Roman, since he was an Assemblyman for eight years in Albany, where the TU often used to

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lobby in a very aggressive fashion. In fact, Samuel Roman in the 1946 elections was the only Republican getting both ALP and Liberal endorsements. The ALP was of course pro-Red by that time. . . .

DANIEL M. KORAL

Long Island City, N. Y.

The Bombing of Hiroshima

When I read your editorial in your March 29 issue on Mr. Truman and the City Council of Hiroshima, I was impelled to comment, and Mr. D. W. Sencebaugh's letter in your April 26 issue compels me to do so. A good case can be made that we inveigled the Japanese to attack us. I think your question: "Was it *really* necessary?" is very pertinent. After service in the Southwest Pacific I read extensively and came to the conclusion that the Japanese were trying to surrender as far back as the first of 1945. The question should be answered negatively.

I wish that more people, especially members of Congress, were more in accord with what you say in "A Tax Cut in Any Case" [May 3]. We are in a real depression. Too many seem to think that Keynesian methods should be used to beat the depression, but that will just make matters worse.

Kansas City, Mo. RICHARD W. BYRNE

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Pentagon Reorganization

I was pleased to read [April 26] L. Brent Bozell's interesting and plausible "Tiger in the White House," dealing with our armed forces operating under a single commander and answerable solely to the Secretary of Defense. From the time I first heard of this plan, I have been opposed to it. . . .

Los Angeles, Cal. ELIZABETH HAMM

Vice Versa

If you intend or hope to reach other ears than those of your own coterie and to propound your views successfully to others than those who are already bound in them, I suggest that you study the differences between wit and smartaleck humor, between opposition and disdain. Perhaps you do not intend to address anyone but yourselves—if so, plow away. History will dispense with the nonsense of your thinking you are in the know and the other fellow all wet, *and* vice versa.

GRISELDA CHANNESSIAN

New York City

[And our nonsense will dispense with History? Fair enough. ED.]

Overhauling Our Schools

Since your magazine has been commenting on the school problem, perhaps something more is apropos. Let's face it. Our public school system needs a complete overhauling.

We need first to bring back corporal punishment, especially in the lower grades. Teachers can then start youngsters off with an understanding that obedience is part of school training. If the teachers can maintain discipline, they have a real opportunity to impart some enthusiasm for knowledge to their charges. There should be no promotion unless requirements are met. . . .

At the high school level, most of the fancy or frill courses should be abolished so that the school could concentrate on fundamentals. For those who do not measure up to minimum requirements, there should be no place in the regular high school. . . . For them, we should develop a

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plan using industry (that's where these pupils wind up anyway) in cooperation with the schools to create something along the lines of the present apprentice schools industry now supports except that they would enroll these young boys and girls that did not qualify for regular high schools. These pupils would be given on-the-job training and get paid for it but would have a limited schedule of school work in Math and English under control of the Board of Education.

Oneco, Fla. RICHARD VINCENT

Soviet Education

I am writing in regard to your article in the April 26 issue, "Soviet Education: Myth and Fact," by Eugene Lyons. I am a student in the senior class at Daycroft Prep. School, Stamford, Connecticut. Our United States History and PAD (Problems of American Democracy) classes have been very much interested in the educational system employed in Russia. As our class read the article spoken of, I think we were all quite impressed with the simple logic expressed. I, as many others, have doubted the kind of statements made in trying to win the confidence of the American people, by saying we are ahead of the Soviet Union—and don't worry. Mr. Eugene Lyons' essay brought to light, to myself and others, the *true* importance of our freedom, and how we can win a battle by hanging on to right motives.

In all, this is just a letter of thanks to Mr. Lyons for his views.

Stamford, Conn. JEAN FITZWATER

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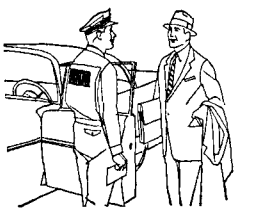

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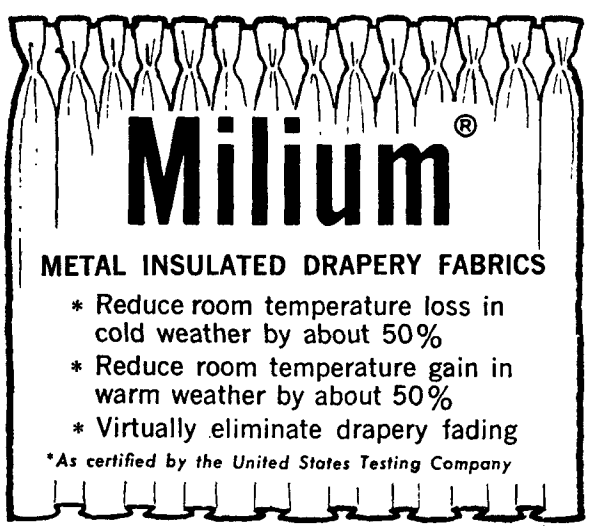
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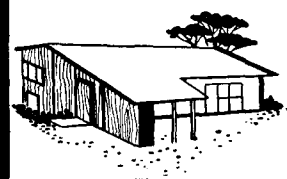

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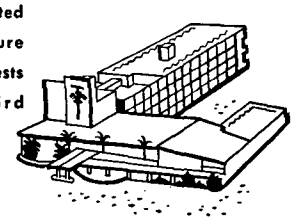

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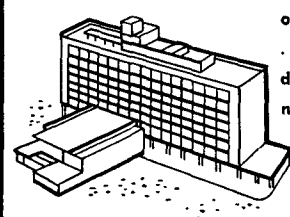

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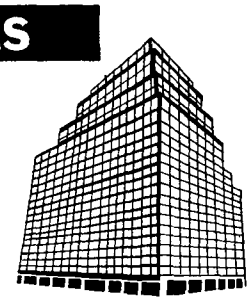

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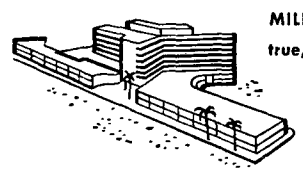

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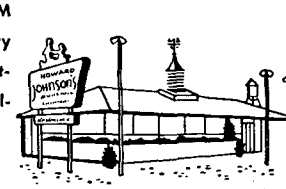

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